

# Survival Guide to the Zombe Apocalypse

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Category: Walking Dead

Genre: Adventure, Humor

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2016-04-13 12:24:48

Updated: 2016-04-23 09:07:35

Packaged: 2016-04-27 17:45:09

Rating: T

Chapters: 7

Words: 8,924

Publisher: [www.fanfiction.net](http://www.fanfiction.net)

Summary: Follow Sammy Greyson on her trip across the country in the zombie apocalypse. Watch as she fights against all odds in the name of friendship, love, and survival. Strongly OC-centric. Eventually DarylOC. Rated T for mild use of strong language. (I have put my heart and soul into this work. If you're on the fence about reading this, please give it a chance.)

## 1. Chapter 1

*\*Any separate paragraph written in italics is written in the notebook.\**

This story may hit a fork in the road later on at the point of meeting the WD crew, for purposes of perhaps creating an original Zombie Apocalypse story. Only the fanfic version will be posed on here, though.

Eventually DarylOC. There may be more pairings involving OCs, but that is the only one thus far.

I do not own anything from the Walking Dead. However, I do claim that at least 90% of the first 9 chapters is completely original.

Enjoy!

\* \* \*

><p><em>Survival Guide to the Zombie Apocalypse<em>

*\_By Sammy G.\_*

*\_Chapter one: The Beginning of the End.\_*

*\_The key to surviving any zombie apocalypse is your team. Ideally, you want a leader, a medic, a fighter and a thief; those four types*

of people would provide the most useful skill sets in your future endeavors. But you have to be careful who you pick. Sometimes I wonder if people aren't worse than the zombies. Sometimes, I know they can be...\_

\* \* \*

><p>The girl with short, chestnut-brown hair worried her thumb nail as she glanced up through the windshield of her car. Only a few cars away came the murmurs and whispers from a group that had formed nearby. Amidst all the panic, the highways were congested with cars and many people had vacated their vehicles for the comfort that company seemed to provide. Samantha Greyson was no exception. She would never admit it aloud, but she got some comfort in the fact that someone might have her back if things went south.<p>

More importantly, though, the girl now had an opportunity. She needed to find herself a team. So she closed the little notebook quietly and secured the latch that held it shut before stuffing the item into the pocket of her blue jeans and standing. She made sure that the knife stashed in her belt loop was secure and hidden beneath her jacket. No need to cause further panic over something as small as a kitchen knife, but there was no way she was going unarmed. Not after the things she had seen.

Satisfied that she was presentable enough, she shut her car door as quietly as she could. The click could still be heard vividly in the cool air of the evening. She swallowed down her nerves and made her way over to the group.

"Evening," she greeted quietly, earning at least a short glance from every person there. "Does anyone know exactly what's going on here?"

Silence followed her question. Glances passed between the group, as though they were all asking the same question. It was several long seconds before someone answered. A burly man with dark auburn hair receding along the top of his head and seeming to transfer down his face.

"Looks like the end of the fuckin' world to me," he said gruffly, crossing his arms over his chest.

"James, don't say that," the middle aged woman sitting beside him protested.

"Well, what would you call it, Linda?" the man barked back to, presumably, his wife. "I've seen people die and come back to life, then proceed to rip other people to shreds! The fuck is that, if not the end of the world?"

Linda just stared at him in disbelief, but she knew she didn't have an argument. It was the end if the world. The end of their world, at least. Everything would change so fast it would make their heads spin. Even if the government managed to set up settlements safe from the outbreak, nothing would be the same.

"Sorry I asked," Sammy muttered, trying to make light of the situation as she stuffed her hands in her pockets. She ran her fingers along the small notebook, the matte covering on it doing

little to sooth her nerves. "Well, if anyone needs anything, I'm just in that car right over there." She pointed out her little, silver Chrysler as she took a step away from the group.

"The fuck are you going to do if we \_need \_something?" James asked, glaring the girl down.

Sammy stopped, not even flinching as she returned the man's gaze. "Help." Her voice was sharp and unwavering. She sounded so confident that the man kept whatever remark he had to himself. Without another word, she turned on her heel and made her way back to her car. Though she may have seemed confident to the group that watched her depart, there was a storm brewing inside the young woman.

\* \* \*

><p><em>Ideally, you want to stick with friends. People that you know will risk their life to save yours and vice versa. But, things don't always work out the way you want them to. So, stick with people who will help you survive. Avoid people who will get you killed. That feeling in your gut when you meet someone, the feeling that tells you that a person is bad news, it's called instincts. Never ignore that feeling. It can save your life just as easily as a knife or a gun.<em>

## 2. Chapter 2

Posting another chapter. Because I'm \_excited\_ about this story. And that's what happens when I get excited about a story; I spam chapters on here because I write so much in one go... But, I'll refrain and try to keep ahead of the curve from now on, that way the longest you'll hopefully go without an update is a month and not a year... :0 I'll try for weekly updates.

I do not own anything from the Walking Dead.

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><p><em>Chapter two: Safety First<em>

\_Largely populated areas are not safe. Namely, large cities and \_\_highways blocked off for miles\_\_. Avoid sleeping in these areas, or spending prolonged periods of time there.\_

\* \* \*

><p>Sammy lay in the back seat of her car, trying to stay out of sight as the undead creatures forced their way through the abandoned vehicles. Her car shook every time a zombie was knocked into the large, metal object, and Sammy's breath hitched just slightly every time. She strained her ears, barely making out the sound of screaming passed the moans and growls of the undead.<p>

She swallowed hard and closed her eyes, knowing that if she tried to so much as move, she might not even make it out of her car. The screams continued, drawing the zombies to the noise. Even after the screams died into silence, they still paraded around blindly, driven by nothing but the instinct to find their next meal.

It was several minutes before the rocking of her car died down. There were still a few stragglers, but Sammy decided it was safe to sit up and peak out her window. No sooner than the outside light hit her eyes did a zombie throw itself against her car. Sammy stumbled back, her heart pounding at the fight the creature had given her. Moments later, more piled up on the side of her car, gnawing at the metal and glass in hopes of breaking their way in.

\* \* \*

><p><em>Never let your guard down. Death could be creeping around every corner. Often times, when people think they're safe is when they die.<em>

\* \* \*

><p>Sammy secured her bag around her shoulders and made sure she had her knives on her. She moved as quickly and quietly as she could manage, pushing the opposite door open and jumping out of her car. She slid slightly on the downward slope that was the side of the highway, but managed to catch herself before she took a tumble down. She clung to the dead grass beneath her and watched the hoard as it walked away, back toward the town they had all left. Slowly, she made her way around to the front of her car, her knuckles turning white with the force she held her knife. She didn't see any living humans around. Just the undead stragglers, five of which were rubbing their torn flesh along her car to get to her.<p>

"That's disgusting," she said quietly as she watched the dark red streak grow against the silver. "I just had that washed; it hasn't even been a week." She took a deep breath to calm her nerves and, quickly, she grabbed the closest one to her and dug her knife into the man's skull.

Not waiting to see if it worked, she pulled her knife back and shoved the body toward the side of the road. It rolled down into the ditch and came to a rest several feet below.

Sammy backed away from the other four in front of her. She bit her lip as she glanced around, noticing that the persistent growling had caught the attention of a few more. She went at another, getting a clean stab in its head and disposing of it the same as her first. The third lunged at her, and she barely managed to catch it before its jaw met with her face. She held it back with one hand, using her other to drive the knife in once more. The creature just growled loudly at the attack, but continued its advances.

Sammy strung together a colorful choice of words as she pulled the blade out and tried again, this time killing the creature. The fourth was right on top of her now, and she fell back as she tried to keep it away, neglecting to get her knife back. Sweat beaded against her forehead as she fought with the zombie above her. She pulled a second knife out of its spot on her waist, and managed to slip it into the creature's eye. It stopped moving just as the final one in the group fell on top of them both.

Sammy grunted under the weight, trying to pry the zombie off of her as it growled and snapped at her. A gunshot rang in her ear, and the creature went limp. Looking up, Sammy saw a thin Latino woman, her hands shaking as she lowered her gun. The woman offered a small

grimace of a smile, but the growling from an approaching zombie reminded them both that they didn't have time to waste. The Latino kicked one of the zombies off while Sammy crawled out from under them. After retrieving her favorite knife, Sammy followed the woman farther away from town.

\* \* \*

><p><em>If someone sticks their neck out to save you, they're probably worth sticking with. They're more likely to risk their lives for you if they've already put an effort into keeping you alive once. Don't hesitate to return the favor. It is how <em>\_everyone survives\_\_.\_

\* \* \*

><p>It wasn't long before the two women met up with another small group that had survived the hoard. Sammy recognized a few faces from the night before. James was unmistakable even at a distance, his body looming over the others with ease. The other two, a scrawny man who couldn't be older than 19 and a frail looking woman around the same age, she hadn't met from the same group. One more man stood with them that she hadn't seen before, short and bulky but looking the most worried of the bunch as he ran his hands through his dark curls.<p>

"You guys okay?" Sammy asked as they approached. It felt like such a stupid question to ask, but it was the only thing she could think of to ask.

"No, no I'm not okay," James hissed, glaring daggers at the girl.

Sammy's eyes widened as she realized that the woman that had been with him the night prior was missing.

"Linda?" She recalled the name, and the dangerous look that crossed the man's eyes told her that her suspicions were right. "Where did you last see her, maybe we can backtrack and.."

"She's fucking dead!" James interrupted, pain flashing across his face. He turned around and slammed his fist into a car, leaving an impressive dent at the action. "Those fuckers! I saw them tear her apart, and she was screaming, but.." His voice trailed off, and silence met him.

"There's nothing you could have done," the shorter man reassured him quietly.

"I could have stayed!" He cried. "I could have helped her!"

"Even if you managed to kill all those things, and she didn't turn into one herself, she still would have bled out!" The man countered, trying to stay calm in the tense situation. "We're nowhere near a hospital, and even if we were I doubt anyone there could help her because they're probably all dead!"

A loud smack rung out, and everyone froze. The short man was now on the ground, holding his face as he groaned in pain. James massaged his knuckles, which were now covered in blood from punching both the

car and the man.

Sammy was the first to move, going to stand between the burly man and his target. She held up her hands in a non threatening manner.

"James, that's your name, right?" The man just clenched his jaw tightly in response. "My name is Sammy. I know that you just lost someone important to you, and I'm sorry, but we have to keep moving. We need to stick together, and if you really feel like beating the shit out of something, I would happily back you up while you beat a zombie to death. But we can't start fighting each other, or we're all dead." The look in her eye and the seriousness of her tone seemed to reach him. He huffed quietly and turned away.

Sammy watched him cautiously for several seconds before turning to the other man and helping him off the ground. The man chuckled quietly as he dusted himself off.

"Aren't you the little peace keeper?" He joked, holding his hand out to her. "I'm Aaron Domingo," he introduced with a charming smile passed his swollen cheek.

"Sammy," the woman replied, giving his hand a quick shake.

"Just Sammy?" the man pushed, looking a little put off at the response she gave; or lack thereof.

"Given the circumstances..." she glanced around, her eyes picking up the zombies that were scattered about, "does it really matter?" Her eyes locked on to his and, though a smile adorned her face they both knew that this was no joking matter.

"You said you'd cover me?" James interrupted gruffly, giving Sammy a strange look before he made his way off the road and to a zombie several yards away. "Cover me."

Sammy followed after him, making sure her extra knives were in place as they went. The man grabbed the creature and started wailing on it. The growls and grunts from the undead creature mingled with the shouts of the enraged man. Sammy stayed close, taking out any zombies that got too close.

\* \* \*

><p><em>Don't start fights with your team. Just don't. Kill as many zombies as you can; as you want. That's just less that the world has to deal with. Don't go about it like an idiot, though. Use your common sense when it comes to these things. If you lack common sense, try saying what you're going to do out loud and counting to ten. That makes it a little easier to realize if your plan is stupid as fuck.<em>

### 3. Chapter 3

\_Chapter three: Traveling\_

\_Traveling will always be a must. The chances of finding a safe place is slim to none out here. So, a few tips for you:\_

\_Pack light. Only take what you absolutely need. This includes food,

water and weapons. Clean clothes, if you have room, but they're not that important anymore. If you have a sentimental item, it's probably best not to stay attached to it. If it won't get you killed, by all means take it with you. If you'd risk your life to save an inanimate object, you should just leave it behind.\_

Sammy snapped her journal shut, staring down at the item in thought as she ran a finger over the coarse, black cover. Was this item so precious to her that she would die for it? No, she knew that she could leave it behind if need be. Maybe someone would stumble upon it one day and get some use out of it. She could find another notebook to fill with her thoughts and tips, surely. And it wouldn't kill her to not be able to write it all down.

"Hi," a feminine voice cut into Sammy's thoughts. Her eyes darted up to meet the Latino woman that had saved her earlier that day. Her gaze softened slightly, sending a smile to the woman standing over her. The group had eventually relocated farther away from the highway and set up camp. Someone stated a small fire, and everyone settled nearby for the night.

"I'm Carla," the woman introduced, returning the smile and sitting beside the brunette on the ground.

"Sammy," she returned as she went to put her journal away.

"So I've heard," Carla laughed quietly, but the sound held little joy. "What's that you've got there?" She nodded toward the book that Sammy was in the process of slipping into her pocket.

"Nothing, really," Sammy replied, slowly bringing the book up to observe it herself. "Just a notebook. Jot down my thoughts and ideas.."

"Like a diary?" Carla laughed. It ticked her pink, thinking that someone could hold on to a diary at a time like this.

Sammy laughed quietly in return and slipped the item into her pocket. "It's more like a 'Zombie Apocalypse Survival Guide'," Sammy corrected with a shrug.

Carla's cheerful demeanor faded as quickly as it had come. "Oh." She sounded more surprised than anything. "That actually sounds like a good idea. Tips on how to survive... But, how do you know what will help you survive?"

"I've survived this long," Sammy said with a shrug, sending a smile to the woman beside her. "Partly thanks to you. Thank you, for saving my ass earlier." She rubbed her neck, staring towards the fire and watching as red danced against the darkness of the night. "I honestly thought I was a goner just before you showed up."

"Yeah, no problem." Carla let out a nervous laugh, her hands trembling slightly at the memory. It was the first one she's killed, but she was certain it wouldn't be the last. "Just promise you'll do the same for me, if the opportunity arises."

"Of course," Sammy promised with a small smile. The rest of the night passed in relative silence, but both girls knew they had just made a friend they could count on.

\_Always make sure your ready to leave at the drop of a dime.\_

Rustling woke Sammy up before the sun peaking over the horizon could. She sat up, inhaling sharply as she reached for her knife. She heard the groan before a zombie pushed its way passed a thicket of bushes and into their encampment. Sammy was on her feet in a second, taking a few more seconds to regain her bearings.

A shot rang out, and Sammy nearly jumped out of her skin as the bullet whizzed passed her. Another was shot before the creature fell. Silence followed, everyone awake now and on alert. Another groan came from nearby. Sammy was the first to make a move. She grabbed her bag, throwing it over her shoulder and going to the fire to kick out what was still smouldering of it.

"We have to go," she said, her voice quiet but her tone harsh.  
"Now."

No one argued as they quickly packed up their belongings and followed the girl, who had already made her way out of the makeshift camp.

\_You never know when you'll be pushed out of your home.\_

#### 4. Chapter 4

\_Chapter four: Supplies.\_

\_There will come a point in time when you and your group are running low on supplies. Hungry people will make for a much more hostile working environment. Try not to let it get to you, don't take everything to heart. Don't disregard threats, either, though. Example, if someone has been traveling non stop for three days and hasn't eaten in two, your left leg might seem really appetizing to them; if they're threatening to eat you and aren't even trying to hide it, you should probably defend yourself against them. They will probably eat you.\_

Sammy was digging through her bag as she walked at the back of the group. Her stomach growled painfully, but she ignored it and continued digging. She managed to scavenge four granola bars out of it, smiling at her accomplishment. Then she started counting heads.

Sammy, Carla, Aaron, James, Glenda, and Mark.

Deciding to make it easier and conserve food for later, she dropped one back into her bag. "Hey, guys," she called quietly. Everyone was still on high alert, so their eyes all darted to her. "I found some food. If we split it equally, everyone gets half a bar."

James moved first, stepping up to Sammy and snatching one out of her hand.

"She said half, you over-grown ape," Carla hissed.

"Just try and stop me," James said, venom dripping from his voice as



he glared Carla down.

The Latina woman felt for the gun that rested at her hip. She slipped her hand around it, ready to pull it out if James made a move at her.

"It's fine," Sammy said quickly, holding her hand out to keep Carla still. She sent a small smile to the burly man in front of her. "He can have my half. I'm not that hungry."

James scoffed like a primate who had just won a battle, taking long strides to his place at the front of the group. The others were much more compliant, breaking the bars in half and sharing.

"Shoulda' let me shoot the asshole," Carla muttered as she took her half from Sammy.

"Not worth it," Sammy stated, glancing at James. He was an ass, sure, but he could hold his in a fight. He was useful.

"Would've just shot him in the foot," she continued, looking disappointed at the fact that her new friend was against her shooting the brute.

Sammy laughed quietly, pulling out the fourth granola bar from her bag. "Like I said, not worth it."

Carla giggled as Sammy opened up the bar, making sure that the man at the head of the group heard the crinkling of the extra wrapper. She took a bite with a satisfied smile when she saw James turn to glance back at her. He looked livid but, like Sammy, he knew it wasn't worth it.

"I can't even be mad at you for that, you deserve that extra half," Carla said, trying to contain her giggles.

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><p><em>If your group is less than fair with their distribution of food, and you're not getting enough to keep your energy up, you can pull the lion tactic. In a pride of lions, the weaker males in the group will turn to trickery to get a little extra food, or a more desirable mate. It's actually a common occurrence in a lot of group-based animals. The point of the lesson is this: if you have more brains than brawn, use that to your advantage. Not just the physically strong survive.<br>\_

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><p>The group stumbled upon a farm. The fields were mostly bare, the crops still not far enough along to show more than the occasional sprout. They walked slowly along the fields, keeping their eyes open for any movement.<p>

"This might be a nice place to stay," Glenda thought aloud, rubbing her arm as though a chill had hit her. With the heat of the desert sun beating down on them, she doubted that the temperature was a factor. "You could grow crops. They're already planted. And I'm sure there are farm animals nearby." Her bright hazel eyes scanned the area, looking akin to a doe scouting the perimeter for

predators.

Sammy observed their surroundings. It was a relatively safe place, the large expanse of land surrounded by barbed wire. And the smell of manure hung in the air, meaning cows or horses couldn't be to far away.

"We don't know what kind of crops are planted," Sammy stated her doubts, gently kicking dirt near one of the sprouts. "Barbed wire fence doesn't take a lot to break. It'd have to be reinforced. Livestock might have been killed."

"As long as there aren't any zombie cows," Mark joked, the boy sending Glenda a goofy smile in hopes of getting a reaction out of her. The girl just offered a small, nervous smile in return before looking away.

Their walk continued in silence until they reached the house. James reached for the doorknob, but Sammy stopped him and checked the windows by the door for movement. When she was met with nothing but the stillness of the dark house, she gave him the okay.

They filled into the house in single file before splitting up. James, Sammy and Carla ventured through the house while the other three made a B-Line for the kitchen.

Sammy saw James walking through the hall. He threw opened doors with no reserve as he walked, and the noise gave Sammy an uneasy feeling. She followed after him, ready to lecture him on his noise level, when a zombie fell onto the brute.

Loud curses spilled from the man as he held its face away from him. He pulled an arm back in preparation. Sammy rushed toward him, her knives at the ready, but one solid punch to the face was enough to send the elderly zombie to the ground. It groaned, trying to crawl it's way toward them with its jaw hanging limply. Quickly, Sammy went to stab it in the head, breathing a sigh of relief when it went limp. She looked back to James to make sure he was okay, seeing him wipe the creature's blood off of his hand and smearing it along the bottom of his shirt.

Without a word, she walked into the room, and the brute followed her.

In the center of the room, there was a large bed, an old lady laying on it. She had a bullet hole in her head, and most of the bed was covered in blood. Sammy stood there, taking in the sight.

"The elderly were more prone to contracting the virus," Sammy stated, feeling the truth in her words more than knowing them. She stuffed her hands into her pockets, staring at the body of the old woman. The coarse cover of her notebook met her fingers, and she rubbed it absently. "Just like normal viruses, I guess."

She went silent again when James lifted the body off of the bed and took her to the hallway. He laid her against the wall, then proceeded to do the same with the man's body. When he finished, he stood at the door and looked at Sammy expectantly.

"This is my room, get out."

Sammy didn't argue as she scurried passed him. The door slammed behind her, causing the house to shake in response. Sammy stared at the wooden barrier in disbelief.

"Ass," she muttered, heading to the second floor, where she heard the thud of footsteps. She strode through the dark hallway as silently as she could, clutching at her knife. She opened one door, quick to scan the area before relaxing again. She turned to leave and jumped as she saw Carla standing there.

"I almost killed you," Sammy breathed out, her knife at the ready. Slowly she lowered her weapon and willed her heart to slow down. "Don't sneak up on me like that."

"Sorry," Carla said with a laugh as she put her gun away. "I covered the second floor, there's no one up here."

Sammy nodded in response, going on to double check the rooms for zombies and supplies. "We found two on the first floor. Old farmers. That's probably all we'll find here." She descended back down the stairs, heading to another uncleared room. The den was the next area, complete with a fireplace. Hanging above the mantle was a sword. It was a thin double blade with a sleek white and gold handle. Sammy quickly rushed over, grabbing the item and pulling it off of its mount with ease.

"Dibs," she called, hearing Carla approach behind her. She grabbed the sheath, securing the item around her belt loop and smiling as she adjusted to the new weight on her hip.

"Nice sword," Carla said with a roll of her eyes. "Shall I start calling you 'Sir Sammy of the round table'?"

Sammy laughed, rubbing at the hilt of the sword. "Just 'Sir Sammy' will do." She vacated the room as Carla gave her a small chuckle in reply, circling back through to the kitchen.

"We hit the jackpot," Mark stated when the two girls joined them. They had jarred and canned foods spread over the counter tops, with a few meats and breads. Most of the items looked homemade, like pickled plumbs stashed away in a mason jar. Definitely food to last a while, and plenty that wouldn't go bad within the next week.

"Sweet." Sammy grinned at the pleasant surprise, her stomach seeming to communicate with her through a loud growl. "Why don't I start on dinner? Anyone want to help?"

"I will," Glenda offered, seeming relieved at the chance to do something normal amidst all their traveling and fighting.

"Alright," Sammy cheered. "How about you, Carla? Wanna make it a sexist event with just the women cooking?"

"Nah, I'll leave the stereotypes to you," Carla laughed. "Unless you want enchiladas, I can't do much else."

"I love enchiladas," Mark replied with a laugh as he and Carla headed into the living room to wait for food.

Sammy laughed quietly at the irony in her friend's words as she looked over their new food supply, separating it by what would go bad soonest. "Got any idea what we should cook?" She questioned the quiet girl.

"A soup would probably be best," Glenda replied, going in to grab something. "They have plenty of noodles."

"Chicken, noodles, veggies. Easy recipe for chicken noodle soup."

"Sounds good to me." Glenda said with a nod.

Sammy grinned as she started on the meal. "That's because it's a comfort food."

\* \* \*

><p><em>If it's not claimed, it's fair game. That's the rule I go by. Stores and such are good for searching for supplies, but they'll be the first to be cleaned out. The best place to scavenge would likely be deserted places in the middle of nowhere. Farmhouses, for example. Low population of people living there before the outbreak, means less zombies. Being so far out, it's unlikely that (if the original owners vacated) the area was ever found, meaning a higher likelihood of finding supplies or shelter. <em>

\_A friendly reminder; never let your guard down.'\_

## 5. Chapter 5

\_Chapter five: Becoming a Survivor\_

\_Details are important; always have been, always will be. Learn to pick up on little details, even things as simple as the way a person says something can help you figure out hidden meanings behind their words. The way leaves are shuffled on the ground, the way twigs snapped, you can learn how to track things or avoid zombies. Hunt. Survive.\_

\* \* \*

><p>Sammy sipped at the soup in her bowl quietly as she mulled over their next move. The way she saw it, they had one of two options. The problem was that neither of them were completely desirable to her.<p>

"So what should we do?" Mark finally voiced the question on everyone's mind. Eyes shot around the room, some stopping on James while the others strayed to Sammy, looking for some form of leadership.

"Fuck if I know," James huffed, leaning back on his spot on the floor, arms resting behind his head. He sounded tired, but stuffed; considering the asshole finished off the last of the soup.

All eyes moved to Sammy, and she looked around in surprise. Surely she wasn't leader material, but here these people were; complete strangers, looking to her for guidance.

"Well," she started quietly, glancing away from the intense gazes that burned into her. "We could stay here, fortify our defenses, and try our hand at agriculture. But that would take a long time, and unless other survivors wonder in and help, I don't think it's something we could accomplish. Alternatively, we could stay here a few nights, recuperate from everything. Split the supplies among each other. Once we start running low on food, we take what's left and continue on."

Her thoughts were met with silence. She stared around at the scared faces again. Clearly, she wasn't one to invoke hope in others. Definitely not a leader.

"We can vote on it," Sammy suggested. "If anyone has any other ideas, feel free to share."

"I wanna stay," Glenda spoke up first, looking more than a little flustered. She sent a smile to Sammy. "I want to try my hand at agriculture. My grandpa was a farmer, so maybe it runs in my blood."

"I wanna stay, too," Mark stated, smiling at Glenda. The two obviously had some sort of relationship with each other before all of this, though Sammy didn't care enough to find out to what extent.

"I think we should leave," Carla stated after a moment of thought. "Like you said, Sammy; we would have to fortify the barbed wire, maybe even build walls. That alone would take a long time between the six of us, and we're likely to get overrun or run out of supplies along the way."

Sammy nodded to her friend in agreement. "I think we should leave." She turned her eyes to the burly man laying at the back of the room. "James?"

"Don't fuckin' matter," he muttered angrily.

Sammy glared slightly at the man before turning her attention to the last member of the group. "Aaron?"

The man twiddled his thumbs as he thought. "I think our chances would be better if we stay."

Sammy swallowed hard as she realized her preferred choice was outvoted. But she just nodded, accepting it. She didn't want to try to survive alone, and these people needed her help if they were to have any chance of building a settlement. "Then, I guess we're staying." She looked around at the tired smiles from the three that had won the vote. She stood up, rubbing the hilt of her blade. "You guys get some rest, I'll keep first watch." Her group complied, making themselves comfortable. James got up to head to his room, but Sammy followed after him, stopping him in the hallway. "Hey, you alright?" She kept her voice low, the man pulling his arm away from her touch before facing her.

"I'm fine," he replied, his voice gruff.

Sammy opened her mouth to speak, but decided against it and moved her eyes down. What was she supposed to say to him? 'Sorry you lost your

girlfriend. Tough break. But people die, so man up.' That seemed like just the reason he needed to punch her teeth out.

"Night." James turned to leave, but Sammy stopped him again, her eyes now elsewhere. They were drawn to the nasty gash on his right hand, along his last three knuckles.

"You should clean up that cut on you hand," Sammy suggested, offering the man a smile. "It looks like it's starting to get infected. You'll find some medical supplies in the bathroom."

The man grunted out a response, ignoring her suggestion and going straight to his room. The door slammed, and the brunette flinched at the noise. She found herself muttering a string of curses defining the man as she sat in a good spot to watch over the group.

\* \* \*

><p><em>Alternatively, don't keep unneeded secrets. If you have something important that you're keeping from the group, something that could potentially get someone killed, don't keep it to yourself. Don't make your stupid quarrels or insecurities or doubts the reason for the extinction of the human race. Just don't.<em>

## 6. Chapter 6

\*\*I give my thanks to the wonderful readers who reviewed, and I'm glad to know that people are enjoying this. I have so many chapters written out, so I'll continue posting pretty quickly until I slow down o3o (It probably won't be too long before I have to up the rating to M, though, so... . Fair reading to everyone).

><strong>

\*\*Enjoy 3  
><strong>

\* \* \*

><p><em>Chapter six: Secrets<em>

Sammy had switched out at some point in the night, when her eyes felt so heavy she was afraid she might pass out if she tried to stay up any longer. She let Carla take the next watch, knowing the woman wouldn't protest. She took over the Latina's spot, falling asleep as soon as her head hit the pillow.

She was ripped from her unconscious state by a scream. Everyone was on their feet in a second, weapons at the ready. but Carla was nowhere in sight, and Sammy held the hilt of her sword tighter as an uneasy feeling set in her stomach.

Sammy approached first, slowly and cautiously. She saw blood, trailing down the hall, the door to James' room wide open, and she had to stop her hand from shaking as she followed the trail. She stopped at the stairs, looking up into the impending darkness, but she heard nothing. The blood had thinned out considerably as she slowly followed the path up the stairs. She flinched as a step creaked beneath her feet, but she continued on. She checked the first

room. Empty. The next was empty, as well. When she pushed open the third door, she saw a body slumped over on the floor.

"Carla," she breathed out, fighting back the tears that threatened to spill from her eyes at the sight of her friend's dead body. There was still a threat in the house, she didn't have time to cry.

Sammy snapped her head around when she heard another yell. "Mark!" She recognized the boy's voice, her chest tightening at the thought that the others were in danger now. A growl in front of her stole her attention away. Carla stared up at her, her eyes void of life. She growled again, louder this time, and started crawling forward, her jaws snapping instinctively at the smell of a fresh meal.

Sammy swallowed again, willing her tremors away as she clenched the sword for dear life. Without another second of hesitation, she buried the blade through Carla's head. The body went limp, pulling Sammy with it as she tried to recover her sword. A sob escaped the girl's lips, but she bit down on the flesh to keep from crying. Slowly, she pulled the blade out and pulled herself to her feet. With a silent goodbye to her friend, Sammy rushed downstairs to find the other zombie and, hopefully, at least three living, unharmed humans.

She saw him before she reached the top of the stairs. James was crouched over Mark's body, snarling as he tore the boy's flesh from his bones and stuffed it into his mouth. Sammy froze at the sight, watching the scene. The only mark on the brute that Sammy could see was the cut on his hand. She suddenly remembered the slack-jawed zombie that the man had punched, wondering if he had been so dumb as to punch the creature in the mouth and infect himself.

"Idiot," Sammy sighed in astonishment, not sure if she was referring to the man's stupidity on infecting himself, or her own for not realizing it sooner.

James' undead body grunted, turning to Sammy and locking his sights on her. He got up and growled viciously as he tried to reach her. His feet, however, awkwardly hit the stairs and he fell forward, likely breaking his nose on the step that his face collided with.

Despite everything, Sammy couldn't help but laugh. Seeing the man stumble around so pathetically actually made her feel better, even if it wasn't really him. "Can't climb stairs?" She asked the creature mockingly. It glared up at her, growling as it starts pulling itself up the stairs. "I stand correct," Sammy muttered, the fear taking front and center again as the creature slowly ascended, getting a feel for how to climb faster. Another growl soon joined the chorus, and Sammy saw Mark's body move down the hall on the first floor.

Sammy waited until the right moment to drive her sword through James' head. His body rolled down the stairs, taking her sword with it and nearly Sammy, who tried to hold onto it. "Shit!" She cursed, her eyes trained on the weapon. She felt her body, hoping that she had a spare weapon on her, but she was met with nothing but clothing and quietly strung together a colorful line of curse words. Taking a deep breath, she looked around the first floor, moving cautiously so as not to draw another zombie's attention. She reached the ground floor, no creatures in sight, and she started pulling the sword out of James' skull. The item didn't want to budge as she tugged at it, though. "Is

it your swollen head, or your thick skull, I wonder," she mused aloud with a bitter laugh. Finally, the item popped out of his head, clattering to the ground as Sammy lost her balance.

Everything happened so fast. She heard the growl before she felt something grab her from behind. She tried to push away from it, but it had a hold on her, and both bodies fell to the ground.

Sammy grunted and kicked out at the creature, reaching for the discarded weapon only a few feet away while she tried to keep the zombie from biting into her. She felt the hilt of the sword at her fingertips, straining to grab it. Just a little farther.

The body above her went limp, and she saw one of her kitchen knives sticking out of Mark's head. With a breath of relief, she looked up at Aaron with grateful eyes. "You're okay," she breathed out, pushing the body off of her. She pulled the knife out and handed it back to him before retrieving her sword, wiping the drying blood off on James' shirt.

"Where are the others?" Aaron asked, giving a curt nod to her statement.

"Carla is dead," Sammy said quietly, only a light quiver in her hand giving away her emotion. "Glenda was with Mark, so I don't know." She looked over the body of the male teen with worry.

"We'll look for her," Aaron said, sounding as tired as Sammy felt. The woman offered him a tight-lipped smile before heading down the hallway. They were careful opening each door, checking the rooms.

"Glenda?" Aaron called out into the silence. A knock on a closed door was his reply. He breathed out a laugh, giving Sammy an excited look as he reached for the door.

"Wait," Sammy called out to him as she moved closer. But her warning was too little too late, as Glenda burst out of the room and onto Aaron. "Shit!" She moved quickly, plunging her sword into Glenda's head, the once sweet girl growling angrily until her breath died on her lips.

Aaron let out a noise between a whimper and a sigh as he backed away from the dead body. His hand flew to his shoulder as his back hit the wall, the old picture frames behind him shaking at the impact. He chanted the word 'no' over and over again as his body sank down the wall, the words broken by sobs.

Sammy realized quickly what had happened, and she rushed to Aaron's side. She moved his hand, seeing blood staining his shirt around the area that Glenda bit. Her spit seemed to get thicker as she swallowed, the man's quiet sobs doing nothing to ease the girl's emotions.

"I'm so sorry," she whispered, her vision blurred by tears. "I... I wasn't fast enough, I could have... I should have..." A sob broke her voice as Aaron shook his head.

"No, you can't blame yourself," the man said, seeming to come to terms with his situation. "I... I don't want to die, but... What kind



of life is would I be living in this world? Maybe this is better..." He let out a wet laugh, tilting his head back and staring at the ceiling as the tears flowed freely.

Sammy sniffed back her tears and nodded. She hugged the man's head against her chest, continuing to nod. "This is better," she whispered, gently stroking his hair. "This is better..." She sounded like she wasn't convinced herself, but it was all she could do to comfort the dying man in his last moments. After a moment of silence, she felt his body go limp in her arms. Only then did she allow the sobs to rip from her. She laid him down on the floor, taking her sword and sticking it into his skull, hoping that it kept him from turning. Her tears mingled with his blood as both pooled onto the floor hardwood floor.

\* \* \*

><p><em>I repeat: no secrets. If you're infected, tell someone. Better you die alone than kill four.<em>

\* \* \*

><p><strong>To Hurricane'97's question: Yes, James was infected, and I'm sorry that my foreshadowing skills are so terribly obvious  
x'D<br>\*\*

## 7. Chapter 7

\_Chapter seven: Loneliness.\_

\_Traveling on your own isn't advisable, but sometimes it's unavoidable. Remember to stay quiet while traveling alone. You don't need to attract a hoard of zombies to you when you don't have backup. To avoid insanity from long periods without social interaction, try talking to yourself in third person. I know it sounds like a crazy thing to do, but it helps detach yourself from the situation, and God knows we all need a break from this situation every once in a while. Songs and lullabies have a calming effect to help reduce any feelings of sorrow from losing your group.\_

\_If you've ever lost someone, just remember that you're still here. Stay strong, you're a survivor.\_

\* \* \*

><p>Sammy sang quietly to herself as she made her trek along the highway. She saw a sign on the side of the road, quieting to silence as she approached.<p>

"Star City, Arkansas, 15 miles," she read aloud. A smile pulled at her lips. "We're making good time, Sammy," she told herself proudly as she adjusted the straps on her bag. How long had she been on her own now? Weeks? Months? For all she knew and cared, it could have been a year. She really had no idea. But, she had stared out in southwestern Texas, so it was progress at least.

"I've never been to Arkansas before," she told herself as she continued walking along the road. She still had plenty of daylight left to spare, maybe she could find a safe place to stay for the

night in town. "Could probably scrounge up some food. At the very least, get more supplies."

She was down to her last few cans of food. She had been rationing to one can a day at this point. Just enough to keep the hunger at bay, but not enough to keep the nagging feeling of an empty stomach away. Still, she would manage. She was a survivor.

The sun began sinking along the horizon as buildings came into view. Sammy sent a quick thanks to whatever deity may have been watching over her when she realized it was a small town. She wasn't sure she had the energy to run away from large hoards of zombies, and her feet ached from constantly traveling on foot. Despite her attempts, she was never able to figure out how to properly hot-wire a car. And you were lucky if you got a whole five minutes to try to figure it out before the biters started congregating toward the noise.

"Stupid assholes, trying to stop me from learning an important skill," she muttered angrily at the memories. She scanned the horizon, seeing roofs of houses nearby and heading there. The town was quiet and nearly empty, save for a few stray zombies that the girl avoided. It must have been evacuated relatively quickly. The lucky ones, perhaps. Or maybe they're all dead now. She wasn't so sure that being dead didn't make them luckier.

Digressing in her morbid thoughts, she looked around at the nice, little houses littering the neighborhood. She walked passed the houses with their doors wide open or cracked; it wouldn't do any good to have the barrier separating her from the flesh eating monsters damaged. Finally, she chose a house that looked good to her, knocking on the door with confidence. She was met with silence at first, then a few zombies wandering nearby caught sight of her.

She hopped off the porch, quickly dispatching the creatures with her sword, which she had become rather proficient with. After they were taken care of, she went to the door and tried opening it, only to find it was locked.

"Balls," she muttered in displeasure, but she was honestly expecting as much. Next, she tried the window that looked out over the porch, the glass panel sliding up. She smiled as she pushed it open, but the joy was saturated with disdain when she realized it wasn't clicking into place. With a quick breath to prepare herself, she used her sword to push the curtains away. She didn't see any movement from inside, so she slipped one leg in and eased the window down against her back as she shifted her weight and continued to pull herself in.

She panicked when she felt a hand grab her leg from outside, pulling her away from the safety of her new shelter. She hissed in pain as she pulled against the grip. Her shoe slid off of her foot as she broke free, the window slamming against the appendage before she managed to pull herself in completely.

Sammy took a moment to just lay on the floor and breath. She relished in another victory against the zombie scum, letting a low chuckle escape her lips.

"You can take my shoe, but I'll be damned if I let you take my life," she said into the silence before pulling herself up off the ground.

She rolled her foot carefully, assessing the damage. It protested to the movement, but it was a bearable ache. Deciding she would survive the small injury, she unsheathed her sword and did a quick sweep of the house. After deeming the building safe, she worked on boarding up any unsafe entrances, then proceeded to raid the kitchen.

Most of the food in the kitchen was rotted, the smell hitting her nose as she approached the room. She made a face at the scent, but tried her best to ignore it. She turned on the faucet with little hope, sticking a cup underneath it to catch anything that might come out. It sputtered pitifully for several seconds before she gave up and turned it off. Finishing her raid of the kitchen, she found a few more cans of vegetables to add to her slowly diminishing collection. She picked something out at random, setting up in one of the bedrooms and barricading the door and window before enjoying her dinner.

"I should learn how to hunt," she decided, staring blankly at the wall across from her. A ripple of laughter escaped her at the thought. "Yeah right, like you'd be any good at hunting, idiot." She laughed at herself for a few seconds before quieting down again.

"I can't be any worse at hunting than I am at growing plants. Besides... What other choice do I have?" She sat in silence as she pulled out her journal again, skimming over what she had last written. She clicked the eraser on her mechanical pencil, realizing how low she was on lead. "I'm sure that most people aren't hoarding up on lead in the zombie apocalypse," she mused, biting the end of the pencil as she thought on it. "I'm sure I can find more somewhere in this town. Probably plenty in stores. I can stock up before I leave." With that decided, she pressed the lead to the paper.

\* \* \*

><p><em>I never said talking to yourself would prevent insanity. Just slow the process a bit. Hopefully enough so that you can function properly when you meet real, living people again.<em>

\_Hang in there, Survivor.\_

End  
file.